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E CANALÉRO·THE TROOPER

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THE CANALÉRO
THE TROOPER

POEMS IN REMINISCENCE

OF REAR-ADMIRAL WALKER'S NICARAGUAN CANAL EXPEDITION IN 1898

AND OF VOLUNTEER ARMY LIFE LATER AT TAMPA AND MONTAUK

WITH NOTES

BY

P. H. BELKNAP

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Jan 13. 1900.

TO N. S. H. SANDERS.

Dear Nat —

As you fancied the manuscript, do take the book. Bouvé and I used to agree dedications to be nonsense, and I certainly suppose you would accord, yet I find they are not so entirely.— I scribbled, too, the preface at your house. Beside, rewrote it under your behests.

My dear Sanders,

Faithfully,

Belknap.

Oct. 2 (if not 3), '99;
Norwood, Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

THE present work shows some boyish vein, I think, and the idea at first disturbed me; but I discover that I am not dissatisfied on the whole. Such inconsequence as exists appears, after all, chiefly in places, and not in the sum. Yet I wish I could hope that my production may fulfil the two excellent ones of the motives from which it springs. Whatever reader shall take my sympathy, will find the whole poems enforcing a certain one view — a view of the United States with respect to the rest of the nations as we are approaching our primacy. The poems should develope this surveyal in their course; and this has not been their least purpose.

For my other fair actuation to the sin of verse, it is "the appearances of life," — Stevenson's phrase; with which he couples another, which might be the appearances of still-life, of things. All is interesting; engrossing; and incident is as much as event, a drop of rain as a blood-drop of a dynamited czar. My result — that may be estimated; as bad or better; but it comes (so much is true) of a contemplation commanded from without, rather than directed from within.

Unfortunately, besides a citizen's prompting to his criticism, and an intelligence' instinct to record the felt and seen, I disgustedly detect a third impulse, perhaps, in some of the poems — the vulgar one of a vanity.

I do not see from what ground, in me, such a weed should have grown. In Admiral Walker's expedition of 1898, to determine upon the feasibility of the Nicaraguan Canal, I was a subordinate member, and was one of the least in acquiring successes within reach. Inquietly — yet listlessly — I came home from Central America at the outbreak of the war with Spain; listlessly, doubting the military opportunity; listlessly still, though knowing that instancy is the fore-success of action. I met my merit in only getting to my regiment (the First United States Volunteer Cavalry) after the two squadrons that were taken had left Tampa on the Santiago campaign. I *could* have been in time. But thus is disclaimed here in prose any self-satisfaction possible in the verse.

I have taken the liberty, in an appendix, to give some Nicaraguan pronunciations; connoting there also other peculiar matters. The numerical references are to these memoranda. P. H. B.

Ferncroft, Danvers, Mass.;
September 20, 1899.

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THE CANALÉRO.

LANDED.

Beyond undimpled dark lagoon
The seas their wide white seething toss,
And sound a midnight of no moon
Up to the silent Southern Cross.

Thy Cross — thou more romantic main;
The splendid Spaniard of the sky!
But where stood admirals of Spain
One only bark rides ghostly nigh.

A lofty race, for God or gold,
These billows steered and storied then.
Yon barrack roofs now stilly hold
In slumberous shades the mightier men.

La Fé.

THE CANALÉRO.

ALL UP IN QUARTERS.

The bugle, which still had slept as we,
Leapt live into sudden note with morn;
And, sharp like a thorn
Through our cot-sides borne,
Then circled the air and summoned he!
But when some had sworn,
And the day got ray,
A lave in the wave went merrily.

See men and the sun at the gallant wind
Of the ruthlessly-rising clear command!
But oh, were banned
The soul misplanned
Who blotches the new-life's spirit signed;
As all grows grand,
The fool in the pool
Whose jest breaks the tune of the time and mind!

THE BARBER (OLD MULATTO).

Sir, I perceive a scratch upon your cheek; —
Of such a matter, sir, I always speak,
Or you might lay it at my razor's door;
But, as I speak, you know 'twas one afore.
I bin this bisness, sir, for thirty-*eight* ye'r;
I got my knowledge, sir, of human nature.

DESPATCHES.

Jesup, black and careless,
Looking a French cook
(From a jaw not hairless,
And white cap on him, gadzook!) —
Jesup dashing through
Greytown, hullabaloo,
Had a captain call him to,
To tear less.

"Halt?" said Jesup — "Twenty
Ragamuffins! ride
I with mail foam-sprenty
For the Admiral. Outside
There is Newport. Shoot —
Better not, though, do't" . .
Mused the captain to his boot,
"Que gente!" *

* *What a nation!* is truer than the plain translation.

TO SALVADORA.

Good-by, bonita, now I go,—
Those still can see thee who remain,
But I, the silent stranger, no,
Dwell never near thy grace again.

Good-by, bonita,— *how* I care
I'm glad thou'rt of the knowledge free;
But, in my cruel-sweet despair,
What thanks I think and send to thee.

For here, where careless pleasure flies,
A bird to snare with lightest ease,
He languors not in thy black eyes,
Which only laugh with purities.

Good-by — with soft and bright esteem,
Beauty of simple worth to know.
Give me one thought, a thought my dream,
Bonita. Ah, good-by! I go.

FIELD-WORK.

We go into camp, into woods that belong to the beasts
And the senator trees;
Then the animal stops, where is scarred the place of his feasts,
And he fears and flees.

A band of monkeys above the tents we chaffed;
And one was absurder
Than all the rest, with her blue-eyed young, as we laughed —
When a shot was her murder.

She cried, and protected her clinging baby still.
The man who had shot her,—
She humanly moaned, — his rifle re-aimed, to kill;
And made her last flutter.

Oh, fast through the trees the band of the branches post,
To wail and to chatter!
And we got the brown little orphan, and they had most
Of brains in the matter.

FIRST WORK ON THE LAKE-TO-BRITO LINE.

The lake[22] on the San Carlos side
Has surface fair as arm of maid's,
For, cast up at the great divide,
Not yet descend the troubling Trades.

Their high wings hurry farther west,
And *there* efface the limpid smile,
And heave the wave and whirl the crest
Towards land in distance' bluest mile.

There rises, near that other shore,
The fireless now, but questioned* cone,
Whose steeps so strangely even soar,
Of Ometepe unalone —

* Because this volcano *may be* extinct. Madera *is* so.

Who with his sister shares their isle,
Madera she — the rounder born.
They stand between where clouds defile
And where the tide is windy-torn.

Leave these behind — 'tis on the marge
The coming brain its business breaks,[11]
Where diggers make the ground discharge
That bottle which is weighty stakes.

Your mere slim glass of Rhine or French
Can clear a ministerial task;
The engineer's grave point or bench
May be the undecaying flask.*

THE DISPOSITIONS OF DUNDAS VACIL.

I.

Signless.

1.

To you, to you,
First thing I'd do,
I would send these flowers of blue.
Once in your hand
You'd understand
Who was in this stranger-land.

* Spikes rust and wood rots. In engineering, to mark and find again the initial point of a survey a bottle is often employed, buried in the earth, on account of its indestructibility by deterioration.

But yet so proudly
Disallowed
All has been I would have vowed,
That it is time
Remembrance, rhyme,
Sullen stayed before their crime.

So many give
Me monitive
Words upon the way to live!
But I am bold, —
You should be told
You've no right to be so cold.

II.

Naughtinesse.

You would like to be nightly diamond-starred.
They are lovely, Marie, but they are hard.

What girl wouldn't play for a house of pelf,
To give to others and grace herself?

Take care to station that you relate;
An easier thing than to that create.

'You would not give yourself dead away';
What wisdom for maiden lips to say!

You would not give yourself dead away —
For God's sake, do it alive some day!

You are very light for a Juggernaut,
Yet under your feet my heart is caught.

If I could hurt you as you hurt me,
The worst of it is that I'd not, Marie.

ABOUT CAMP SAN PABLO.

Mathematics are divine
In the lightning of the line;
There's the universe's verve
In the living of the curve;
More than you can think they think,
From the deity they wink,
Who is conscious in the work
Of direction and the cirque.
What can lance of straightness bar—
Through a field or to a star?
And, invisibly afly,
Bears the arc unerring by.
There is nothing ever balks—
'Tis the truth of reason walks;
With a tripod to him tied,
Takes, from point to point, his stride;
And no hill or river blench,
As he crosses, bench to bench.
Let the Coliseum's wall,
Let a lengthened ropewalk fall,
But the circle, swift and sure,
And the leaping line endure.
Shall we slave them to our skill?
Yes, if we obey their will.

For the intellects ne'er gave
Such a despot in a slave.
They are driven, ready drudge,
But themselves will solely judge;
They are — by a hair transgress —
Adamant in nothingness.
Go against their viewless thought,
We are by as stone up-brought;
For what is it that we feel?
God — whose sentience is His steel!
So much, that, unhumbled back
We re-seek their wandered track.

Line and clearing spend the light.
Then the cutters' cries, at night,
And American *ahaha's*
Wake the canvas on the Lajas.

WESTERN SIDE.

Here the sun is soft as strong,
And the bright air catches fan;
Endless breeze
Lifts the leaves of green eternal.

Clouds voyage on their blue canal—
From the sailor Carib's sea
To Balboa's —
Training over Nicaragua.

At the villain turn of road
Lay a likeness of the moon,
Such a day;
With another slain as fondly; —

Story of a shot and sire,
Horrid hoofs and fated love;
And a gloom
Of a boy and bride of olive.

Oh! the squadron of the sky
Ever streams the still serene,
East to west,
O'er a sweet and soulless greenerie.

LIFE ON THE LAJAS.

In the tangle of a south,
Fifty from the lago mouth,
Slides or slumbers through a dell
Rattlesnake, the cascabel.
Followed by the surfy roar,
From the lago fifty more,
Lumpish iguana sits,
Whom the armed canoeman hits;
And, upon another limb
Sunning (all the same to him),
Marks her yellow husband 'hobo,'
Hulking lizard oaf, garrobo.
They, the gente,[8] like his chops,
And would get him where he drops,
Fish him from the standing tide;
But the boat shall not abide.
I am going up the black
(Lago now four hundred back;)
Paddle, every noisy scamp,
To the tarpaulins of camp!

Are they bad or are they boons,
These thick river vine-festoons?
O'er their dense flame harsh macaws;
In them monkeys look and pause,
Till they troll the roused remark
Of their water-warble bark,
Swinging fast from tree to tree
Where not sitting haunch to see.
On the Lajas this is life,
Which can not be called but rife.
There is armadillo, too,
Whacks the brush he scuttles through.
From a bank and basky naps
In the alligator flaps —
Rifle cocked, his eddy dog
Where he sunk him like a log.
But the lustiest of aught
Is the fling of tiger-thought,
Heard to shrill and seen to shake,
Cascabel, the rattlesnake.

POWDER AT RIVAS.[21]

When Wilson was riding one day into Rivas,
And we heard the firing, surveying afield,
Unless his account and our hearing deceive us,
The whole Revolution around him revealed.

Observe — since the State was with old Doctor Cardenas,
President now is Zelaya, by fear;
And the rebels (however this sweet land engarden us)
Migrate between Costa Rica and here.

Costa Rica would like to push up to the lake
And river, to share in the future canal;
So the beat Nicaraguans say cast with our stake,
Help us back to our country again and you shall.

And that is one reason the southwardly nation
And northerer exiles forgather demure.
The latter had banded, upon this occasion,
That side of the border, and up by del Sur.

They cleverly came by the road Chocolate[4]—
That as a *détour* — and so Wilson waylaid.
The first thing he knew, in the midst of a party
He reined, at the challenge of this cavalcade.

"I'm of the Commission," he (red in his beard)
Explained to their faces of families, — fine;
(For these were the sort of the blood and careered,
Zelaya is red and here green was the sign.)[3]

"'Tis well!" said the gentlemen. "Come on with us.
Today we take Rivas, and we'll see you in."
And Wilson spurred on, although neutrally, thus,
And so reached the works and the battle's begin.

The wight *sans-culottes* and the dark caballero
Ramroded his muzzle or led in the game.
The most that I know is, that, straight as an arrow,
They fought to the city through maiming and flame.

The garrison's guns and the mutual volley
We heard with surmisal, surveying afield;
Young Kent nearly cried, it was so melancholy
To listen to war and to stay like a chield.

And what was the end of it? Rivas retaken —
Poor numbers thrown back by a multitude thugs.
"But look, I will tell you my merriment's shaken —
Those fellows look fools, they will fight though,"
said Bugs.

UNKIND WHO LOST THE WORLD.

At every finca or in every field
Some careless-crippled, some accusing thing;
A dog one leg that carries, with a ring
Of violent size a cow — the wound though healed;
On every road an earless horse, or wealed;
In every town, some wretch of brutaling.

What blood or being to betray these signs?
For is Iberian not sweet of heart?
Ay, and at home in many a friendly part.
These people's smiles no falsity combines;
No need to read their features 'tween the lines;
We true, their real sincerity we start.

Gentle and arch, and lazily good-willed,
Their service, fellowship have nought to brand;
But this is so far as they understand,
Their breast in pities is untaught or skilled;
They taste the grotesque in the halt and killed —
Conceive no rule but the compulsive hand.

You, Spain, — you in these foresters are seen, —
Were more divine of brain, of statelier mind
Than ever my gross Saxo-Norman[23] kind;

And you had had the world for your demesne,
Against that rival, parr'd with you unclean,
  Were you not one way among Aryans blind.

Ah, noble! yet there was the wild Mahound,
  And you peninsula Europe like the Turk!
  The scimitars your Christian underlurk,
Which would reduce, not suade, whatever found.
The ruder brood availed, more bowel-bound,
  Who after vanquishment let mercy work.

No rag so royal[17] ever rolled the stern,
  No fortresses frowned conquest — ramp and jut —
  So bold, so sovereign, as o'er every hut
And sultry heave proclaimed, for man to learn,
Your standards, castles, lording every bourne,
  That climes and waters wide were reigned. Oh,
    but

Dominions, as your grandeur, made your shame;
  You never shed the fragrancy of sway!
  Your subjugation turned slave-hearts away,
While Britons cared for whom they overcame;
So all-illustrious as your knightly name,
  Cold was the soul of your victorious day.

Bearing our Lord to Indian tides and here,
  You knelt each shore behind the priestly kilts;
  And that was great; but great were greed and
    guilt's;
Dearer than heaven was Eldorado dear.
Befalling like dark angels — victors drear —
  Your most true cross was your Toledo hilts'.

BAD SUNDAY.

WHAT use to me is this my life?
I'd introvert a shot or knife,
By which to cease or be away —
Aught would be better than to-day.
I rode, amid a million ills,
Over, around, and through the hills.
My mount was good, but yester-worn,
And fagged at outset in the morn.
Unbreakfasted I left the tent
And spurred the colt already spent,
Then at the manless Latin town
Guzzled their knock-out coffee down;
Pegged from the place with many a drag
Of bottle from the saddle-bag;
And next, when urging all I durst,
That stirrup-strap at mid-sun burst!
This mended, while the heat in creeks
Runnelled and ran all down my cheeks,
'Twas on again — at last, good sake!
Reaching Byrne's canvas by the lake.
And here was one good thing, I swear —
His witty, working chief was there.
And Byrne was genial — host at need —
But dashed if I enjoyed the feed.
I up and rode to Mr. Daw's,
When his mechanic's spirits pause
At my appearance; lame hello's,
And broke good-by's as I arose.
So back to Byrne's; and on his cot
I smoked a black forget-me-not.

The Jew of Mr. Daw's turned up;
We had to let him share our cup;
I didn't say so (as who would?),
But I was glad it wasn't good.
He town-ward now returning, too,
Clubbed a sad gray till cursed it blue.
Through and beyond my pony trode
That broken rut, the royal road.
With dust and sun and coming dark,
And, if benighted, not a mark,
His bleeding flank I had to spur
To keep the failing beast astir.
But, crossed the ford and plunged the bush,
Up the last, longest hill we push;
Descend the river-bed, then o'er
The bank, and into camp once more.
And supper over! All my bones
Are sore as I had rolled on stones.
I have some hard-tack, nothing canned.
The nag won't eat — can hardly stand.
Here's why I think (upon my cot)
That he and I were better shot.

CAMP CORRALILLOS.

RUBBER.

HERE'S the uhle-tree,*
Where we hit the Tola!
Everywhere is wounded she;
Seldom seen, and *sola;*
Grown but forest-knee.

* No telling when the Nicaraguans will or not pronounce the romance *e* as a last syllable. This is *oo*ly. But they say pasa-*por*tay — *machete* with either sound.

Solitude so dense
Never gave her cover;
Far from trace of path or fence
Tracks her the gold-lover,
Hacks her innocence.

At the Tola, see,
More than one machete,
High as limb let climbers free,
Made the bark all fretty
Of the little tree.

Drips the merchant's mouth
As the whale with blubber,
For the creamy-white undrouth [25]
Running into rubber —
Sound wealth of the South.

Such sap yearly sold
For nine dollars (each tree),
Metamorphosis behold —
Rubber turns a 'peach'-tree!
(Not these pesos — gold.)

But, for thousand rows,
Who'd be Nicaraguense;
Though he fostered out of those
A fine competency,
Full as fortune grows?

With a stately place,
Belvederes, verandahs,

As Don Soandso he'd grace
Self and friends, as man does
In so good a case;

But your robbers thieve
From these fair plantations;
His domain he could not leave,
Lest their depredations —
If he did he'd grieve.

Better wrought than curled,
Life, than books and money.
Some would seat them here, en-earled,
Thinking one was funny
Who preferred — the world.

THEIR OWN PETARD.

THE same astounder — through the cooly sough
Of high mahogany and mispero,
Where men cry far and monkeys air away,
And still the musky, sunless halls are lone;
The same torpedo struck us in the forest
Which undertook the armorclad, and hove
Her metal up before Havana. Trust
At first we scantly gave the dangerous tale,
Though let to winds from lightning of del Sur;*
A Sunday's tidings brought by one returning
From Rivas — an attentive camp he met.
But still the story slow, remotely grew
To our eleven, and then we hoped sure war.

* The cable is at San Juan del Sur.

"If we have honor," Swan said, "surely is
Sure war." And Wilson, grinding, "It is sure,
And rue to Spaniards without ruth in us.
If they have been thus poisonous, at peace,
We are humane, and we shall leave them as
Men do leave any snake."
Adjoined Nassau
(Nassau, who — no one knows much how he thinks;
He holds respect with banter) — "For example,
Like Kent's constrictor, killed this afternoon
To keep his spottles!"
The part-Bourbon boy
(If his house cousin to the Ancient throne),
Kent, mentioned that he would go home — go home;
"And I will be a lieutenant in this war,
My uncle's subaltern." Less laughed than looked
Others, from their own minds. Pruden held out
We might be in mistake, and Maine gone down
From no prepense or Saracenic guile,
But plain bad hazard.
Kent, so keen though young,
And cold though brave, had sailed to reach a sword,
Were not that canaléro engineer
Felt sounder standing in career. It felt
To most — there in the Tola camp and all.
And homing days, I thought, would find run through
Our quarrel with the Austrian regency
(I'd plead with the sad Princess to serve her
And son, if ever rise the claimant Charles) —
I thought that peace would meet us at New York,
And then New York be nothing! Swan debated
In cups: "I do not see the country's title

To have a war, and I not in it." "So
With me," yawned Wilson, sucking ugly pipes;
But he, as chief, heard no strong call to move.
How build ourselves? To war or where we were?
A sickle moon looked on the clearing down,
Thus every man turned thinkings to the moon.

THE NARRIMBA.[16]

THE slow blue serpent, the slight mouse-deer,
And others which run and crawl,
Hold up the head, the foot, to hear
Geronimo's 'After the Ball'.

When night has closed down, and shadows dance
From the cook's subsiding fire,
The narrimba's * music infuses trance
Through camp to the heart's desire.

Our Nicaraguenses sit the ground,
We pull at our pipes and gaze,
The eternal trees engloom around,
Geronimo does the lays.

That Indian, shrewd with the forest-ken,
Was made to make greenwood mirth,
The happiest cutter in any ten —
A tan Robin Hood by birth.

None so well beats from the gourded keys
Some barbarous, eerie bars
As gay Geronimo plays to these
In the flicker beneath the stars.

* It is nar*reem*ba and Hero*ni*mo.

What camp, of ye canaléros here,
Has nights such as Espinal!
With a brisk narrimba clinking clear
At evening carnival?

ENGINEERING AND CAMPAIGN.

The criticism has been expressed
That the most military one
Of the professions
Is the engineer's;
But Mr. Whyte (who's of the best
In this, and sees his contract done)
Makes no concessions
That the thing appears.

"Take me, am I a fighting man?
Besides we do constructive work,
And war's destructive —
Where's the likeness, then?"
And yet he forms, then drives his plan;
In rain and sun, through mud and mirk;
From unseductive
Camps. So Mars! Again,

Surely 'tis the imperfect view
Their *ruin* most in arms to see; —
Why, engineering
Havoc first employs.
The soldier is constructive, too;
He is, of power and policy;
Which are appearing
After *he* destroys.

THE QUITTER CAMP.

I shall hit at the end — my refrain.
EDMOND ROSTAND'S *Cyrano de Bergerac.**

WHEN I left Camp El Pavon,
I my fellows' heart who miss,
The *men* loved me — made it shown.
I was moved — am proud of this.

With my countrymen — rebuff,
Take and give, is what I'm at.
They hate me, when felt enough.
I am also proud of that.

NICANOR.

GOING by a finca's door,
Out there came old Nicanor;

Where some pigs and people pen,
He the captain of the men.

Pallid, he had bound his head, —
Had somewhat of fever, said.

"Do you go, Señor Belknáp?"
Asked he, as 'twere heavy hap.

"You don't know what liking, plenty,
Stays behind you in the gente."

* Or see Mansfield.

Was it true? And I shook hands
Where the low up-looker stands.

Bad his yellow face to see;
Woodland-wise, with dignity.

"Of your calentura mend.
Mind of me. Farewell, my friend."

Backward by the finca door—
Pointy-hatted Nicanor.

"HWANG."

A GAY enough rider, I,
On the day after Christ did die,
On the road out of Rivas bent;
Through the mango arcades I went;
For I on that day was free,
And I had friends by the sea.[6]
By night I should reach their camp,
At Brito and mangrove-swamp.
My thoughts and my rein were loose.
I mused—"There is Vera Cruz;
I'll diverge and see that town, too,
For one Brito road goes through."
I beg to report, one did,
And earth of the place, God rid!
Hm. Leaving the highway, on
By the general west of the sun,
And the right cross-road, this brought
Soon in sight the roofs I sought.

On a hill the houses piled,
Of ground-hue and white, red-tiled.
I climbed the ascending street,
And there — at the thing I meet —
In front of a clean cuartel —
I thought I was caught in hell!
The children and pigs at play
For me further bedazed the day.
At the building the soldiers lolled,
Their low eyes upon me rolled; —
Some others were swarth and mean
And drunk at a near canteen.
I certainly had no choice
But to steady my heart and voice.
I rode to the noisy, and
To Brito the way demand.
(O God! that I, of all dolts,
Had a forty-four gripsome Colt's!)
They staggered and signed the road,
I passed with my horror-load.
But ere quit of this Vera Cruz
I crost one of our men — Jesús.*
Oh, I spoke with a careless air:
"Jesús, is that, back there,
An actual man, in the tree?"
And he nodded up to me . .
"An enemy?" I suppose;
"One of the republic's foes?"
He returned that the corpse was "Hwang," †
(Like a strange, struck Chinese gong!)

* Hey*suce*. † His pronunciation of some Juan.

"A puro, Jesús, for you,
And I will my ride pursue."
Well, then, and how would *you* feel,
Well horsed, with silver, nó steel?
And I had, like a wild fool,
Named my road in that devil's-school!
In a jungle *cul-de-sac*
I lost time — what was worse, my track.
Through a gentle farmer I find
Again this, and I looked behind.
The afternoon dwindled fast —
Vague distance yet to be passed.
I inquire, where some fincas are,
With the answer the camps still far.
But good to my ear the dirge
Stole faint of Pacific surge.
That night I was glad to be
With Americans by the sea.
What if, in the dangled tree,
Was but Judas in effigy?
This hanging the people do,
The Passion Week helping through;
Yet why did Jesús say "Hwang,"
And the son of a woman, swung?
I thought (war rumoring nigh)
It was Costa Rica's spy.
— However, you have the whole;
And I had a trepid soul. *

* The apparition was nothing but the dummy, for the Nicaraguans never hang. The fact learned later.

MISS —— AND THE REPUBLIC.

Granada[9] of this pseudo-Spain — in glamours of your day
Moulders a ruin, where the sun so hammers with the ray,
And through a window of that roofless palace
A lady is seen, as in a picture-frame;
'Tis as if in some old chalice
New California came.

For she is young and incomplete and present, like the wine;
And that is why I wonder — so senescent is the vine.
Are then her race's hope and heart so tombless
That it can flower so brightly, lightly now;
In a girl whose soul seems gloomless,
By her Castilian brow?

Gray, not ungrand Granada, there are clashes in your page;
Spain ages, but can your breast share the ashes of her age?
Though young, and flung here when her prime was splendid,
Even in her child does her blood waste, — so old, —
Nor let the fate be shended,
The born career grow bold?

Whatever of Iberian crumble work within your piles,
Though lean of Rome in hoary dome do mumble with
dead smiles,
If mother Spain, your sire — the West — gave to you
The strengthy strain to raise you to renown;
But you do not renew you,
Or cast your despot down.*

Still would my hope and reason cope with sloth to which
you cling.
Let other die, new birds must fly and should *inspire* a
spring.
'Tis your own daughter stands by the broke rafter —
Stands by the tilted stone — a girl so white;
Her lips and eyes are laughter,
Her forehead is but bright.

* This is Zelaya's style: The President the General don José Santos Zelaya, of Nicaragua. It is said of Mr. Zelaya that much of his extortionate misgovernment is inspired by his shrewd and ruthless associate, General Gamez. I do not believe it, or that Zelaya is capable in any measure of being an underling. There are the cynical doubts whether the Nicaraguans have not in this autocrat the government they deserve, and whether another chief would not be weaker and therefore worse. Probably Zelaya is no more an unprincipled man than a good one; he knows that the circumstance in which he finds himself *needs* a master and affords perquisites. Of one thing I am certain, that I am giving him a good deal of attention. I saw Gamez, called to the soldiery at a juncture of the Costa Rican emergency; he was a flaccid sick man up from a sick-bed and did not look like a determined one, — an important rascal, — perhaps on that account.

PHILOSOPHY AT SAN CARLOS.

HERE in your hammock as I smoke and swing,
All day not doing, Howard, a damned thing,
I recollect a sight near a back door
When my crowd made up to this place before.
We know the clime here — heaven knows! — and the dim
Purpose, the soul supine, and unnerved limb;
The suns, to which man has to be resigned,
Though inextinguishable is the mind.
I will be short, and you the moral reap;
What I surveyed was a dead-bottle heap.
So much of spirit signed as fled from here
Would make you wish we had some ice and beer.
But what it meant was this, it seemed to me:
Here man, with his immortal energy,
Feels it to stir, which never can arise;
And so he drinks in dreaming where he lies;
And in those shards he piles into the air
He builds the monument of this despair.

QUO' HE!

SUCH people as you see in these hybrid climes!
This man, in the meanest of San Juan river-boats,
Knows something of strategy, and knows Omar's rhymes,
And wears in this heat (oh, Lord!) his one, two coats.

With a slovenly person, I cannot call him tramp,
The man has read more Greek than I ever will;
I think that some broken texts he could revamp.
To tell his race would puzzle a Sludge's skill.

A Nicaraguan major opines that "He
May be a Russian — a Cuban — half-Turk — a Czech."
So he may — or a spy from the southward he may be.
He wears no cravat; is gray, but not old — a wreck.

He talks of artillery with a tongue not clear,
Like no glib fool who knows not whereof he prates;
He broods the canal with the eye of an engineer
Who thinks of the crucial inch at Ochoa gates.

The same he shows the acquaintance of courtesy,
Without the habit. He mopes in the second-class.
He holds with the ribald tales of gallantry,
And in any place might pass — with experience pass.

Thus notable a specimen traveling,
He hardly, I guess, would have moved my minstrelsy,
Had not the frayed cosmopolite dropped this thing,
An Italian feeling of English poetry!

Apparently in all languages something strong,
He delivered this out of Anglo-Saxon's clutches:
"What is that an Italian says of English song? —
That it is a fire, which blackens all it touches."

What criticism! — I wince at the Latin's truth.
So that's what they think of Will, or of Wordsworth's length?
But I believe that — so rude — is ours the youth;
They sweet subside, but we *burn* with the hope and strength.

I thank them, nevertheless, and the nondescript
(And where and by whom may not a mind be taught?
Into whole new seeings by one stray fancy tripped),
For a metaphor one of the truest ever thought.

SOME MORE OF DUNDAS VACIL.

III.

BOCA COLORADO.

WERE there a vessel steaming down a tide,
A narrow, speeding iron engine-realm,
And she by a side current should be guyed,
God help her of her helm!
A cry at falling is in vain no more
Than the dead rudder — See the hulk ashore!

Or else, take her black brother of the lands,
And fancy, if he went on a false track
Far through a Russia, ere he understands,
Nor coal to feed him back;
Upon the bare plain gray would be that day,
For how might he return to the right way?

I know not which I more resemble. Those
Are like enough, as in or near their fate;
And I have kept the course I first mischose,
Until, it seems, too late;
Or, on impelled by a despairer's cheer,
I soon should match the ship that got the sheer.

Say that the trampler held some fuel still:
Retreat? a cross-line build? Too far; too long.
Or found the hull, within the eddy's will,
'Twas short — she shot, was strong
With steering way once more — Well, of my tropes,
This is the happiest one of heavy hopes.

If I could have, if I did have, an one, —
  Than whom none lightly fairer there may be, —
I think — for all I've done, and never done,
    You would recover me,
My single love! To me, in any hour,
Your memory on me is the reigning power!

My anger rose, and is the selfsame yet;
  That and an ocean part me from you still;
But what am I, whose heart will not forget —
    Wild horses in its will?
There is no day before me but the one
I shall possess you, or have done — have done.

'Tis bitterer to tread these lonely ways, —
  And such, I read, another man has seen, —
'The while thy feet through pleasure's careless maze
    Straying have brightly been;' *
My head young graying, following you girl,
The far-off flitter of a ribboned whirl.

Life says we must not wait for what we lack,
  But I am tired and list not what arrives;
Surround me whitely, for the world is black,
    Nor honor all survives;
The only sphere whenceforth this man can fare
Is love's — which is not, with my love not there.

Oh! not complaining, but it is the pain;
  Less that you care not than I do require!

---

* Bourke Devenish, *A Prayer*. A poem in a magazine.

IV.

HEART AND MANHOOD.

BROOD on your wrongs from her you may, some moment you will start,
First taken by the brightest revelation of the heart;
The sun disclouds, and doubts and gloom and fever are no more;
'Tis only love that matters — and dashes all before!

What, when the life is guided in the bridle of high-mind, —
Half to prefer right worth to her, — to sue her ever blind!
To leave the lance a-leaning and to dandle of a glove?
'Tis honor sternly matters, and shall ride him over love.

VIGOR AT TAMBOR GRANDE.

ALL the men who come, Lloyd Kneely,
From your energetic camp,
Mention forcibly and freely
That the place is devilish damp.

When you walk on solid treading
You are oozing in the rains;
Wading when there is none shedding,
Comes the sun and beats your brains.

It's no fault of yours, Lloyd Kneely,
Is a torrid drench and brass;
But a push so steam or steely —
It will bring you to a pass!

"Kneely takes his battered transit
And submerges through the stream.
Out of water sun-rays glance it,
And the quetzals fly and scream."

Your canoes come down the river,
Peopling Hospital La Fé,
Full of fellows with the shiver
And the swamp legs they display.

You've a spirit that is brandy,
Though you mess on salt and soak.
Keep it up at Tambor Grande,
You can boast the hardy joke.

What! but it is over-hearty, —
Wisely, man, your verve remit;
As you're thinning out your party,
You will be the end of it.

For no engineer or mozo[15]
Can support a speed so prone;
And your number — if they go so,
Kneely'll break the swamps alone.

LA FÉ.

YEAR AFTER YEAR.

THE PEBBLE.

I FOUND a pebble
Upon a strand,
Which I wished that you
Would admire with me.

But I grew a rebel;
You'd not understand.
The pebble I threw —
It lies in the sea.

Or Whose Heart?

There is no escape;
I see a shape
In the sand, under spray
Of a southern sea.
A strange-indeed
Withered Heart-form seed.
Did I throw one away?
Here it is for me.

SHIPBOARD.

I. Sea by Shore.

Fresh away for bright Puert' Limon —
Crested welter steamer-overflown!
Now down Nicaragua, and a-south
Costa Rica[5] waives her haven mouth.[12]
At Limon, the still screw's stern-spray drips*
Off prosperity of shore and ships.

* There was some scold in the *Atlantic*, I think so remotely as the editorship of Mr. Aldrich, somewhat like this: "As Mr. Browning beautifully observes,

'The barrel of blasphemy broached once, who bungs?'"

Who, indeed? But my only point is to defend my ugly line, *supra*, behind the cacophony of Browning's.

"Better to err with Pope than shine with Pye."

Who need ask the denizen what's here?
Dark cacao, coffee finely dear —
All that bold Zelaya shuts or keeps
Costa Rica's freedom bales and heaps!
Heavy fruitage dights the quay in piles;
They will darkle, then unlade their smiles.
There is one flag floating Humbert's green;
Germans, an American careen.
— Much I marvel at the zones, their stocks;
Fairy countries, with romantic docks,
These it is that yield the drugs and dyes,
These the irons, strengths of merchandise.
With the balms the packet too may part,
But she ploughs the tiger to the mart.
Raging and the raptures are co-born, —
Woman! love is tender and is torn;
All the soul is sunny in one mouth,
Yet that sky has lightning — So the South.
Ne'er we dwell the palm or placid wave
But the soft air dreams a sudden grave.
Look you on the balsam jungle tree,
And its luxury you smell and see;
Bid the mozo, loath, to his attacks,
And you spend the day besides the axe.
Fibre-hard is every Central stem.
Black tobacco vies in might with them.
Mocha-Java's power of fragrant brown
Lessens to the berry here-adown —
East and Arab — which the Turk outdo
(In his cup), as equatorial too.
Concentrated bean — cacao's rich
Feeds the frame in little; many a pitch

Tastes fell poison; deep their colors deal
Indigo, and the bright bug cochineal.
In the grosser climes the fine is spun —
Hards and potents from the softest sun.

Knowlton leaned upon the landward rail,
Telling through a Nicaraguan tale;
Knowlton, redolent of miners' ills
Up above the Momotombo hills.
There in Nicaragua where they bore
For the beaming, as the argent, ore,
Often do the drills — the miner so
Said, with anger — do the drills stand wo!
"An impressing troop, for some new fight
Comes and takes my gente in the night;
And the mine reft of a working band,
What can an American command
Of redress? Consul or Washington
Notes the evil, lets the evil run.
Not upon a Briton's mine they trench,
Or of France — the most prestige is French.
Matagalpa, our States colony,[13]
Where we are in numbers — that is free.
But the last time — for I saw them then —
Shadowers! — they *went by* my shacks and men.
This, this is my right and my appeal" —
In his hand he showed the chambered steel.
Country would not serve, except to start
Very tears from a wronged man of heart.
Certes, insult we have met, nor whirled
Force there, is one wonder of the world.

Merchants know — the navy, nations know —
What the Shafted capital lets go.
—— Oh, no more the anchor or the lead —
Once again the bounding bows ahead!

II. Looks in the Wind.

I.

That lady thought of me
With the most natural girlish
Pique, because I didn't see
(As she supposed)
That she disclosed
A means to rhyme
Away the time —
A truth with which I quite agree.
Most men on deck were certainly
Less churlish.

I have my reasons for
Avoiding a light fetter;
Though I say I did deplore
Her error that
My heart is flat.
But now I bear
For her no care;
She my approach had hailed before,
But she has grown me to *abhor*.
That's better!

II.

It always was so:
Howe'er you avoid

A beauty to know,
Your rest is destroyed.
I fought at a distance, and fell;
This morning I live in the spell.

III.

I can't interest this young woman,
She may go to the pretty deuce.
Cares not even to be inhuman.
Finish the voyage, for where is the use!

III. Rolling.

Something has struck us in the steam,
And lame upon a lazy ocean
We loll in breeze and drift abeam,
Exclaim by turns and feel Bœotian.

I've apathy and pencil here
To pass the equal leaden hour.
I mind me of the late half-year,
While comes and clears a squally shower.

From days of bush and nights of wet
I've turned me worn but careless home;
From no much-noted life, and yet
What I have drawn one wisdom from.

Strange that the decades nearly mine,
Whose sum begins to warp most men
Down to the world, had failed align
Myself with their experience then;

But six months of the sunken South
Have rooted for me from the core
One pain that used to draw my mouth,
And seasoned me as not before.

This — from abrasion of the camp,
From man the soul and animal,
From middle sun and forest damp —
I bring at least *this* capital:

The stranger's glance and word aside,
The comment scarce mis-heard of friends,
To treat as they did not betide,
And not to speculate their trends.

It is the course we need observe,
The course which now I find I can,
And enter with an easy nerve
In talk wherever gathers man.

'Tis not so hard (so habit finds)
To keep out of the consciousness
What may be said — which never binds
The subject of the arrant guess.

But what is hard, and where I learn
Me weak as most are, is to make
No sign what I think I discern,
Lest others I myself mistake.

— "Oh, there!" Mercedes says, and shades
Her gazing with a sunlit hand.
And there, two sea-smokes trailed the Trades,
Close by the cliffy Cuban land.

(You little craft, unfold the war,
  And why so swift ye hug the coast!
Mine or Alfonzo's? Hunted? or
  On merchant chase, to do your boast?)

— On Kingston's English tide there lay
  A long old carrier of the foe,
Biding and iron, briny gray,
  Keeping her cover, or to go.

DUNDAS.

V.

SIGNLESS.

II.

What flowers of blue —
And brilliant, too —
Can I ever send to you!

— Ah! that old line
  I did design,
When I had a thought for mine,
  Which held you far
  Its viewless star,
Where the Cross was radiar.

My memory —
  Where sea and sea
Did divide and desolate me.
  But no more near,
  Now home and here,—
Oh, the vain, unyielding year!

The empty door,
As long before;
Still to wear unrest I wore;
Still to repine,
Like that old line
Where the palm and plantain shine.

ROME — AND ENGLAND — NEXT 'TIS THOU.

SCENE: The Nicaraguan Canal — two oceans observed.
PERSONS: A lady; Destiny; a few Fleets.

YES, dear, you must stand on that.
But it's narrow as a slat!

Never mind, dear, take your fate.
It's my ocean-ocean gate?

Of all kinds of use to you.
Here they come — what shall I do?

They will come, they will not stay.
They want me to go away.

Never mind, dear, stand you there;
Only say a little prayer.

Yes, they petulantly meet
With concussion near her feet,

They the sharp and swanny ships,
With the trouble at their lips.

As their anxious friends are found
Let them lash out lightning round.

Let them shortly strow the flood,
Let them sweet the salt with blood.

Let them limp, as they will do
While they crack the others too.

—When yet half are riding on,
When the others are all gone,

Let COLUMBIA, standing there,
Pin her cycle in her hair.

CRUDE METAL.

I can sneer at a pair of spurs,
  Of the silver kind of shine,
Which spent the speed of a puny steed
  On the roads of the Tola line.

And a heavier pair I hold;
  'Tis cavalry they were for;
But their solid brass is unmeaning mass,
  For they never were worn in war.

They may dangle their rowels four,
  And all of the four are none.
My heart avers that I have no spurs,
  And the devil a spur I won.

THE TROOPER.

"Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth."

— Prologue to *King Henry V.*

NOTE.

"Prescott H. Belknap, a member of Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders, who has lately returned . . ., states that personally he fared well, and he appears to have no cause for complaints which others have made regarding their welfare. Mr. Belknap . . . was one of the men who were left behind when the expedition was made to Cuba, and he remained at Tampa, where he had the care of several horses. He states that others who were left in Florida were bitterly disappointed at not having a chance to fight. Mr. Belknap states that there was no malaria in camp, notwithstanding the many assertions which have been made of its presence there, and the fact that large numbers have succumbed to its effect from their experiences in camp at Montauk."—*Boston Evening Transcript*, September 20, 1898.

THE TROOPER.

THE DEATH FOREFIGURED.

Were I of worth in battle, once annealed,
More cold than generous my pulse would be,
For I believe my fate would be my shield, —
That *there* is not mortality for me,
But in another kind of furious field.

When I have struggled by green gurgle bound,
The vivid serial past whirled through my brain,
I less have apprehended to be drowned
Than deemed me elsewhere due the final pain.
Not in the climes the sun flies raging round

He strikes me to the soil, though dizzying;
Where swum I the lagoon, the jungle thrid,
Passing the sharp shark and toboba's sting.
Nor may the Rome of life's red army bid
In tumult bid — my spirit to the wing.

That heart, though concoursed more than well it can,
Would beat to dream, if e'er such storm below
As whitens at this hour on waif and man,
A friend would find me through Siberian snow —
Some Cossack kind, a strange Samaritan.

In conflict safe, give me for blood remorse
As fever, too, need, ocean I survive.
In other guise the agonizing force
On my last strength will rushingly arrive,
Portended, where I perish by a horse.

For life, in hazard's access, be there room
For twinkling vision and resolve to cope!
But when the time full sees the scar of doom
Let me look straight and shut my teeth to hope, —
Taking destruction's flashing lapse to gloom.

THE LAST OF VACIL.

VI.

ONE, ONES.

OH! affinity —
That is fair;
But a soul must be
Ceasing care
When the other will
Not respond.
Giving all for *nil*,
Where's the bond?

Even devotion must
Have its coin;
Feel return and trust
It rejoin.

Who repeats a kiss
  On the dead?
Or to live, nor this
  Raise her head?

Ay; and what a change!
  To have burned
Into ashes strange,
  Though unurned.
What is in the gaze
  Of your eyes,
Now, that their same rays
  I despise?

Should you see me more,
  Do not look
On the one you wore,
  Shent, and shook;
Do not raise the old
  Scorned desire;
Spare yourself the cold
  Ice of ire.

You are unforgot —
  Never mine!
Through the common lot
  Lies my line.
O'er my sea you crost —
  Lone the sea.
I knew love and lost —
  Quit you me!

VII.

One Alone.

When there is only one,
And that dream doubts, is dreaded, and then done,
And 'tis no more the heart-break of a boy,
How, love, you do destroy!

The clearness of the brow
Is gone. That may be little to avow;
But the fine faith in deeper life departs,
And voids the heart of hearts.

The sun has left the sea,
Where now all leaden, sullen billows be:
The friendly land, the past, is foreign, blind;
Hated, and left behind!

THE INFANTRYMAN FROM SAVANNAH.

Thank God for grace — Upon the evening first
I entered rutty Tampa, carelessly
Alone among the townsmen, and yet more
In army peaked sombrero, I passed all;
Looking into the light beside, to choose
A comely dining-room, if such there were;
And such was none — but somewhere I sat down.
Soon afterward another took his place,
In uniform.

May I trouble you to pass
The pepper?

So, one having spoken once,
We had a conversation of an hour.
A plain-faced fellow, most like Maryland,[14]
In part, — and that is mild, with somewhere fire;
The one Savannah gentleman, I think,
I ever chanced, — of Georgia's Second foot.
Myself designed to troop with Roosevelt, he
Deliberately drawled, as he explained
How our two camps might promise for the front:
Eye-musing here and there, with what he said,
His hopes' horizon burst be-flied four walls.
When we walked out we waited for his car.
We were fair company that hour of grace,
Mind intimate, and yet reserved as two.
We inclined and turned without each other's name.
Two chips afloat, which by a chance attract
And pause together, then as lightly part.
I wonder if that man and I, awide,
Soon shake upon Bellona's common sea.

RABBLE THINKINGS OF A GOOD OFFICER.[19]

"The old, undying feud of blackguard against gentleman."
THEODORE WINTHROP, *The Canoe and the Saddle.*

It is the penalty of praise to wake
The murmur the unwilled and worthless make.
The rankest fog hugs on the stillest fen,
The foulest thought fumes o'er the *marsh* of men.
Why cannot honor, like the armored sun,
Look down and lance away the unrolling dun?
Because the lurking cloud reeks not so high
As e'er to meet the lance of honor's eye!

THE PRAISE OF THE NAG.

I. Dawn's-Token.

I.

At boatswain-shrill the hammock's wight
Swings down to deck a frowsy start;
In hollow streets the end of night
Sounds with the milkman's early cart.

And monkeys, in far southern ears,
Crash long before the forest day;
And Rocky birds, when dawning nears,
Foretell it hunter and his prey.

Ay, has each sort his morning sign—
A visitation or a call.
So listen, I will tell you mine,
The most romantic one of all.

II.

When I, at midnight's turn of tide,
Am waked to watch and walk till day;
Relief, have left my friend to bide
Rolled up upon his bale of hay,

Drowsing with one mate more, whom next
I shake the shoulder, come his hour—
When I to be disturbed was vexed,
But now have pleasure of my power:

I round my ninety yards of rope
And bless my babies where they stand
(What noble slumber!), or I cope
With some estray, with hay-filled hand.

The silly stroller caught, or cursed
A light-heeled, wilful breaker-'way,
I do not care. I know that, first,
My work is trusty, great, and gay.

I laugh to any painful fool,
This starry toil is worth the wear;
And, master in horse and woman's school,
All life were splendorous and fair.

A few my babies on their flanks
Sleep sometimes, like less nervous men.
A head's turn, brushing nose is thanks
Tying one fellow up again.

I went up to the cooky's fire
For water cool in Tampa night.
I smelt mamita's salts, denier
A soldier should be shot at light.

But what was that?

III.

The broncos cough!
Upon the palette of the east
No color yet, but 'tis enough
To take me to my line of beast.

With coughs in my line, then there broke
More — spirited — from M to here.[7]
Horse-guards! you hear them; they dischoke,
And now the morning must be near.

For subtle, newer breath than night
These stirrers in their gullets feel.
Ere one Eoan break of bright
They wake and shake, they bite and squeal.

II. Tempest.

"The weather has a wonderful effect on troops: in action and on the march rain is favorable."

General Sherman, *Personal Memoirs*, Ch. XVII.

How in the tents, old marshal!
When Thunder vaults in his car,
And his steeds advance of the blighting glance,
And he drives them, roaring far?

Ernest from horse-line made
For a vacant tent his dash;
In the firmament's Babel took to the table,
On which he was wet with splash.

Terribly gay the rate
Of these thunderstorms coming down!
They dazzle and detonate,
And a private is killed in town.[2]

Pandemonium's laughter,
Or an anger of High God!
But we go to Tampa after —
No sleeping on this swamped sod.*

"Well could the major order
For the animals some such care,"
Said Ernest, who was their warder,
And looked from the table there.

Now is the horse in malice,
And our brutal boots, too, kick.
We move the strand where he can stand
Out of water, proudly sick.

Ernest says there are trees, —
A line of poplars they, —
Which, in a perpetual breeze,
Have learned to lean back, away.

Poplars of Charlesgate stand
A column before the sun;
When autumn-attainted, the foremost painted,
They grade to a last green one.

Pictures that will not do!
Like a string of fish the troop:
A line of mane against the rain
Will forwardly, sadly stoop.

* The commanding officer was twice obliged to the extreme order for the men to pass the night where they could. Some did in the fodder cars, others more gaily in Tampa.

THE TAMPA-LEAGUER.

Tried little Tampa! taxed in each resource,
Till roofs unwonted feel of simple need;
Reviled unfaithful, being o'erpowered with coarse
Immense demander more than you can meed:
But it bewrays what were right siege's harms,
When you, surrounded by no alien arms,
Endure their friendliest breed as such afflictive force.

Clean is the man, but not his monstrous mass;
The loyal city kind, till dearth with throng;
And here (unfortunate!) it comes to pass
These Mars and merchants speak each other wrong;—
Whereof there bawls and brawls the baser press,
Though all the country's ill should render less.
But camps, when they are strong, all civic cause outclass.

Besides unvictualled, see the hapless town
In vast lone windows of her burgh Ybór,—
Or 'Hobo city' soldiers call it down,—
Where the cigar now nearly makes no more.
Some few panes liven, where the buildings breast,
But signing Tampa and a trade distressed;
Havana held in war, we light few leaves fine-brown.

Suppose you never heard, then thus they tell
One curious life, once noted at Key West,—
Key West, where self-said fishermen — the swell
Sailed out — come back with fumible the best.
The customs cutter scorns so small and vile,
But little mainsails Cuba raise soon-while;
And, on return addressed, bear weed which selleth well.

Howbeit cockle smugglers, I relate
The man Tobacco-reader. Do we think
The twisters of cigar preserve their rate
Ten hour, unaided lest they drowse or wink?
Know that a newspaper and novel leads
Their lickings, as tobacco-reader reads;
And him they pay their pink — a purse above their state.

Now neither he nor are the craftsmen here,
Where Tampa beggars for the strong supply;
And, marking other manufacture drear,
Some naked stacks mar smokelessly the sky.
When, though the town so poor, comes far and wide
This Tampa-leaguer, on the level side:
A city gaunt of eye pressed by encampments near.

Yet blame nor regiment nor citizen.
Stint in the streets, sick toil is in the tent;
The town but can contrive some crowded den,
Where blueboy finds but hardest merriment.
But (thanks to God!) the soldier shortly scorns
The vicious penny-a-liner, whom he *warns.*
Fear not, Sir President! the army be true men.

CLARK, OF THE SANTIAGO CAPTAINS.

On the verses understood to have been sent by Mr. R. Kipling, with works of Mr. Kipling's, to Captain R. D. Evans, U. S. N.

What, here is the Kipling — sailor too!
You are doing the world's desert:
A Jungler cheer, a jingle-eer,
And a battleship expert!

But your books are a great deal better
Than the stumbling stanzas scan;
Write Evans a prettier letter,
As you have a hand that can.

And do it or not, but *if* you do —
It won't hurt Evans at all —
Find out *what* captain the fleet looks to
To bandy the battle-ball.

Not all is said of the Gloucester,
On the bridge where Wainwright scowled;
The vice of the Maine — he lost her
In peace, ere the shells yet howled.

The rifles of Indiana —
The first, though by all sped by —
Spoke loud and late, and pointed straight,
To be true as Taylor's eye.

And Philip fought the Texas,
Nor Evans but fed the shark;
The pennant let fly ten thousand shy,[24]
But doubled the Spaniards Clark!

At least it is so they say who know,
And saw that Sunday morn,
And the Oregon to Cervera run
As she ran around Cape Horn.*

* The impersonal manner in which the exploits of the *Oregon* are spoken of popularly is astonishing. What a man is, such is his house. What a commander is, such is his command. The "Rough Riders" were their brilliant colonel. To say "the *Oregon*" is to pronounce the synonym name of Captain Charles

Nor Clark is the first man silent
Where fame was exchanged for fudge.
And this was the thought the navy caught,
And they are the Jacks to judge.

Your decks, good fellow, recall their worth —
Thence British glories rise!
You're the only breed on the face of the earth
That tells *to itself* no lies.

How ceaselessly things glide, like thieves, my head, —
Most unrelated things, —
Powers, forms, imaginings;
Their course by strange extraneous spirit led —
Νους, winding on his wings.

This morning muses back to yesterday,
And my head-hearings hark
To one met half in dark;
A sudden girl, warm porcelain more than clay.
Then — comes the rushing Clark!

The girl: a slender willow which is straight;
A voice which, harsh sometime,
Chooses for me to chime;
Brown eyes, which know my blood will not abate,
And steps with mine which rhyme.

Clark. At the Atlantic port Clark had to put into, on his way to Admiral Sampson, his chief engineer came to him and said: "Captain, you will have to give me a full week here to get the engines in form again." "We are going," Clark told him, "to-morrow morning." The engineer may be an excellent officer, but Captain Clark is an historical commander. His work is text-book of his profession.

So I recalled her.
But she was expelled,
And fancy on me wrought
Where Sampson's flood was fought:
The running ships — those havockers and hell'd —
With shells which cried or caught.

Wide on the wave the thunderers; and, o'er,
Their fire-curves knit the sky.
There, Iowa holding high,
Her sanguine sailor of our waters war
Saw Clark come up — hurl by!

So Robley's rolling turrets must hold breath,
Whilst Oregon was thrown
Before him from his own:
Her swifting, heavy surge swept, bowling death.
Ah! too, on that Colon.

Clark let again the stricken chase to view,
And Iowa freshly roars!
— But say what *reason* scores
Together a light maiden, met anew,
And Spain upon the shores?

OUR SHADOW OF PORTO RICO.

Rumor and rumor came, and changed and dinned,
And went, till each new prospect met with gibe.
But one word grew at last which held the wind;
When many a man remembered he had sinned;
His heart with lurid vision could describe
The mounty isle still trenched with Spain's dark, doubtful tribe.

Movement and muniment were held in hand;
Dismission towards the vaguely venturous
Suspended o'er this squadron of command,
O'er close and rolling leagues to leave the land.
The war broke down — But, for deep days, as thus,
If we failed Porto Rico, yet it came to us.

So — on a night of pest and stive,
Everyone surlily just alive,
Tressure exclaimed: "I want
Little more of these foolish ills;
Damn the officers, flies, and pills,
I'm for a useful jaunt."

Saddled his horse; the horse-guard fails;
Most of us sleepless on the bales.
"Who will go with me? Swift!
Get on your bones and come along.
Gentlemen, we will, going strong,
Manage to bring a whyfft."

Swift and Tressure broke camp that night,
Veering away from the sentries' sight.
"Fling to a sentry back"
(Tressure told him), "if they demur:
'Letters — Commanding officer' —
Then they will let us track."

Spattering into and out of ditch,
Hurrying through the midnight's pitch;
Tressure a son of lands —
He and Swift, who jehu's a hack
In Chicago, and nothing slack;
They are a pair shake hands.

Into Tampa and out once more.
Porto Rico! that was in store,
They to a challenge yell.
Only the ropes of the smith's bough-shack
Tearing down, on the gallop back,
Came they — and all was well.

THE TWO MORTALITIES.

(In a troop-train northward.)

What lies beneath the fameless stone,
(When straying feet surprise the sod,)
Appeals so in its need, alone,
We aid it with a wish to God:
So most we, meek and mutely plead,
Conceive the voices of the dead.

For they are deep — yet nigh again;
Departed — still how intimate!
From far, they keenly cry to men
To hope them high ere join their state.
In answer we, remotely near,
Think tenderly to them the drear.

But, near to no uncertain bones,
The stranger stands in one astound;
Where, bold and loud, eternal tones
Raise very clarion around, —
And that one knows who holds the breath
That what is here was never death!

The sadder relics, where they blend
In element, implore our care;

But these, the great, we nothing *lend* —
We *gain* the whelm of pride they bear!
Their dust itself a vital shrine —
Whose mind was daring and divine!

SLEEPING IN ONE'S CLOTHES IN AN ARMORY.

Annoyed and ailing, and impatient, in
The Jersey City armory, with its din
Unintermitting far into the night,
The arcs and sight-seers aching on the sight,
I said *Now I'll repose* — and when I'd said,
Some people came and watched my dunnage spread.
What square impertinence! — effrontery!
Can't I lie down, but gapers come and see?
Can't a tired trooper roll his blouse and books
For pillow, but a whispering rabble looks?
I took my boots off, and lay on my floor
Wrapped in my blanket, angrier then than sore;
But having on the foe made my attack —
A thorough curse-you-! glance — and turned my back.
The persons went.
Then I was left alone
To muse their manners no worse than my own.
My tired mere privacy was my right there,
But don't I at the crude-conditioned stare?
One surely ought to feel, nor need to learn,
All human, still, is in their lives who *earn*.
Besides, I say the Jersey citizens
Were — looking at them without any lens —
The kindest, really hospitable folk
Our train which came from Tampa ever spoke.

Not but that everywhere along the line
We met receptions rather over-fine;
A draft of hostlers we, and were acclaimed
As if our moiety, Santiago-famed;
We were, avoiding all these scenes we could,
Hailed at all towns a war-worn brotherhood.
But when at Jersey City once arrived,
As heroes we could not be uncontrived.
Not Cuba men, we told them — 't was no matter —
We could not pay five cents for soda-water;
We got cigars and idiotic cheers,
Bartenders would not take our coin for beers;
And, as the rations[20] less were to our mind,
At different boards we daily double-dined.
Why should we not be shows, then, to these fellows?
They did not poke us, did they, with umbrellas?
(Such were the thinkings crossing my closed eyes,
Wound on the floor, not bothered much by flies.)
All that was asked of us — by twos and tens —
Was loaded shells of our Krag-Jörgensens.
If one of us had died — to rest his clay
There was not half a volley in Troop A.
Mister, give me a bullet!
— Having turned,
Someone of my unsleeping had discerned.
"Mister, give me a bullet:" — and there stood
A dainty friend I had; and, yes, I would.
Florence was tall, her asking eyes so pretty;
The slenderest grace of twelve in Jersey City;
So took my cartridge with a contact such
Both child and beauty warmed her finger-touch.
She ran away, and I felt restful-cheerier.

They cleared and dimmed the lofty, long interior.
Forms settled down, and filled a silent spot;
I, with the schoolgirl in my thought, forgot.

What! so had Oxford even a younger flame.
One day a little lady to him came, —
While I was in the car, the guard to stand, —
And offered fruit and simples in her hand;
So seriously sweet, without a wile,
That it was quite impossible to smile.
"I asked if she had seen the puma, and
Took her all round the armory by the hand.
Some others tried to stop me in our walk,
But I'd not leave her — with them would not talk.
She was such company, we soon had grown
Conspicuous for straying all alone.
I got a hardtack sound for her to keep,
When she uplifted the sincerest peep, —
Saying, beside her thanks, with thought of me,
Was I not hungry, and it time for tea?
O say!" said Oxford, (one of his tongue-tricks,)
"To see the very graciousness, at six!
Her nurse came, and it hit me on the raw.
The sweetest little girl you ever saw!"

THE PRAIRIE SEAT.

(For N. M. L.)

Have you seen the plainsman's style,
After them to round them up?
Smile, — for whim and pleasure smile,
As he keeps the ridge's top!

Piping his falsetto pipe,
Which is distance' longest cry;
With a sleeve his face to wipe,
Galloping against the sky;

Whirling out his dart 'lassóo'
Round the truant legs or neck;
Careless as the wind of you —
Indian-easy — nothing-reck:

So the puncher goes his race,
Waving up a balance arm!
'Tis a figure with a grace,
With a sunny cheer and charm.

CAMP PRESTO.

'Tis, from the cistern passed all day
By drivers handling their mule-reins,
About half-way
(Or more, it may,)
To the place of the transport-ships and trains;

From that shy cottage cluster, red,
Which off its cliff-side nearly spills,
As o'er bestead
By canvas-spread —
The cavalry near, with its horse-ridged hills.

The cistern stayed above the road, —
From Ours and cars this equal walk, —
Stands, pumped and flowed
With good cool load,
Perhaps at the summit of all Montauk;

And south from this height hugely crowned,
Towards ocean, and by rough degree,
With bound and bound
Descends the ground
To the level green of a sea-ward lea.

That gleamed one morning, bright and bare
As through Columbian, Indian years:
At noon — down there
I sent a stare,
At a finished camp of the engineers!

Their faultless right and forward line,
Their even points of tented snow, —
Done while we'd dine,
All done, and fine, —
Were a wonder, even where wonders show.

As on the cistern eminence,
I've seen a soldier, under night,
Sit on the fence —
One pen-perpense —
And write his letters by 'lectric light.

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

The nearest that we were to war
Was when the troop came home,
And all of us who had a floor
Left it to lie on loam.

The stalwart in a stumbling stoop —
Their great eyes in a smile:

Ah! we could hardly cheer the group —
So changed from late erewhile.

And who was come? and who was dead?
And who was still to die?
Our darlings to their tents we led,
And warmly sat us by.

— The dutiless and dirty press
Was hubbub o'er such fate,
And staining with all scurril mess
Our generals and our state;

Those gentlemen who finely toiled!
But here's the guilt, when bared:
You nation with the tongues embroiled,
Your name is Unprepared!

PEMBER OF THE REGULAR EIGHTY-SECOND.

Now steady, steady, Pember, and do not go so pale.
Said Pember, "I can't help it or disguise it that I ail;
Oh, what a captain I to take my men against the gale!"

But they are coming, Pember; you had the word to charge;
You passed it down, and there they come, up from the bush's marge!
His horse was shuddered, he broke sweat, his men looked over-large.

Ride down and form them — 'tis away from where we shall be racked.

He spurred upon his company, as though by him attacked,
Did Captain Pember, crying white, and in a voice that cracked.

Oh Pember, Harry Pember, but battle is so large!
"Right forward, easy company, till on the ridge's marge."
He brought them up on Droning Hill. "Now — follow me — men charge!"

Oh! Captain Harry Pember the foremost fort-ward fell;
They shot his coward heart out with their massed machine or shell;
But they shot a new — a soldier's! — in his memory to dwell.

TO THE UNTRAINED TROOP-HORSE.

"'I admire your nerve, but *** **** your judgment,' as the locomotive said when it was charged by the buffalo." — A Plains Saying.

You are delicate, powerful too;
A danger yourself, yet afraid of a newspaper's
Flutter; you have speculation and seeing —
A judgment wild at a footstep-fall.
You're a beautiful frame and strenuous,
A petted and petulant little thing.
You are a baby — resemble a woman —
Exacting, demuring to silly sounds;
You who could kill me with one right blow!
But kill me you wont, or save yourself —
Less able to this as your need is dire.
The pain you feel from a neighbor's hoof —

Just screaming away from the hateful-heel —
Forgets the idea to lift your own.
You and a woman are twainly those
Helpless, who are admired the more;
Both being loved inevitably,
Knowing the pretty cares you are;
A pair surpassing each poor distress,
Let a girl catch skirt or Loco strike
At the quack who salves his Tampa sore.
Your coarser breed with the shag long-ear
Has a reason tough — and he has it *whence?*
Sagacious, and shrewd, and unperturbed,
The human may trust for sign to him
Where frantic you'd wreck with yourself the world!
But you are the graceful fool — and he
Is the singular wisdom-and-Caliban;
Unregarded; the negro sorts
With his harsh and content, in all hard ways —
And I do like a nigger and a mule,
The happiest match on the wide world round;
Why, a mule would kick me for my white face,
And Cunny would want his lines from me.
But you — for a nuzzling simpleton! —
Who want your oats ere your nose-bag's on,
Whirl it a third of a hundred yards
High and behind you — then stand as scared,
Astonished, and looking affronted! Oh,
So foolish a fellow! — feed your grain
From the ground; and grit your teeth withal!

The gaunt Bezonian, Roman-nosed,
Pitched a major and captains tway

(Fighters, but not for a raw-boned fray);
But, as a bare-back beast, disclosed
A decent old waterer every day.

There were Loco George and Loco Jim,
Strikers called, with a glance of hell;
Rushed, and trampled you if you fell.
The second, would few men fool with him;
But George a good fellow, once he was well.

The Telegraph Pole (as he held his head)
Chose that his bridle and cheek divorce;
For we were a ladderless mounted force.
The Baby marched with a careless tread,
As much of a man as a heavy horse.

Doltish some, and some with acumen;
Bucking, and easily backed to ride;
Trustful, and distant devil-eyed;
Characters various as the human,
Save but the sort of the self-relied.

PHILOLOGY OF THE ARM.

"CARBĪNE," Oxford! — that is right;
For the troop we'll hold it tight;
We wont pinch the sound to *een;*
English brute, but French is mean.

Stay — our friends from Cuba call
Spanish here the best of all:
Carbîne, carbīne, neither say
Spaniards; better; "Mauser," they.

— Had, like our Krag-Jörgensen,
That been carbine-short, what then?
Ours but barks like honest Towser,
Spain's had still been tigerish mouser.

A PAIR OF SONNETS.

I.

The only heroism was always thine;
We — vain and minions — have the force, the field,
To take the liberty we less do *wield*
Than follow, as that flood may make its line;
And also we did never things to shine,
Sith that which we are for is, not to yield;
And sith our honor should but be revealed
'Tis wrong to praise it in us undivine:
But thou who from the very first of life
Hadst loneliness, unborne upon career;
But thou, thy son who lettest to the knife,
If that may be, and smilest with the tear;
But thou, worn by the long and *waiting* strife,
Hast the high heart, my lady and my dear!

II.

He is not a man: should to his hand arrive
Some float upon these waters, he may swim;
He has the force of brain, the form of limb,
But never can without an aid survive;
But men do breast when fates do most deprive;
The soul resurgent stern is not of him;
Nor Shakespeare's settled scan all down our dim —

The scorn of Byron — nor the heart of Clive.
And if he had them all, they would not serve;
His tides of men have been and passed him by, —
Their little waves were found enough to swerve;
He never to the minute nicked the nerve;
Commission sins — omission is but lie;
And what can God but let the coward die?

THE ARMY.

To "prove to a callous people
That the sense of a soldier's worth,
That the love of comrades, the honor of arms,
Have not yet perished from earth."

Miles Keog's Horse

An easy centaur, in drawing near,
Looks almost shy at us Volunteer.
He does not trouble to raise his hand —
Indeed, he doesn't quite understand.

Next Ours there are tents where all within
Is nice as the neatness of a pin;
We sleep two or three, with the gear of more,
While those clean tents cover three and four.

And, down at their kitchen-tent, their meat
Is more from the rations than what we eat.
We fork our complimentary fare,
And feed the puma with what's to spare.

My fellows who led up the hill San Juan,
Got laurels never to be foregone!
But, mentioned with less of the public thanks,
West Point was there, and his seasoned ranks.

They pleasantly smile on others' feasts —
Perhaps they mutter about "foul beasts."
As neither the strainers nor themes of lung,
They do their orders, and hold their tongue.

THE PRAISE OF THE NAG.

III. Watering — Seen in the Distance.

You Regular horses,
A wave of you courses
The undulous land;
You trot with your riders —
You toss, you outsiders
Led in the hand.

Bright the brown turf is;
Sweet the skies' surface;
The puddle is blue;
And watering 's a gay thing,
Done as a play-thing
By troopers and you.

Then, what pretty pleasure, —
All draughted your measure, —
You loosened ones fills;
Back on a free scamper!
The mounts, with each camper,
Tripple the hills —

They coming behind you.
Though spirits so mind you,
You run to your line!

Like kittens, I think you;
Your legs, though, (which wink you,)
Are thread-like and fine.

And so, to your standing,
Those strong men commanding
Boot up with your mates!
— They scold you and feed you:
Your whole line, — I heed you, —
Is gnashing, and grates.

IV. Passage.

And that is a scene of them — this is a sound.
I lay on my boarded ground,
And hollow along it, and into the tent,
There rumored of hoofs that went;
In bland, continuous thunder-wake, —
Yet thousand of separate shake;
The tremor of trample and trot on the tump;
All cleaved by their singing trump!
Silver;
In rumble or rubble,
Rolling long.

Unseen, they are trooping through my head,
With their intricate roar of tread;
Say a squadron's fifteen score of force,
Three hundred of Yellow the Horse.
And the fretfullest charger must chafe in file,
Or be gore in the mouth the while.
But they 're shouted and bugled! — wheeled into rank:
Whirled cutlass and carbine clank.

Halted! —
Now silent, a-flutter;
Sidewise strong!

V. BEAUTY THE BEAST.

Its nights we watched; we nursed it sunned and sick;
We fed it drooped before Floridian rain;
We only need have soothed for start or kick, —
That face, so gallant, flashes least from brain.

A being but soul alone, — or mad or kind, —
Its frame requires a judgment's hand and plan.
But what that animal yet means of mind —
How high-expressed, in terms of it, is man!

CHIVALRY, CABALLERO, — fire, and charms, —
The horse named! And substantiates this more:
The fields' coquette of quiet-campéd arms —
The terrible woman that is wife to war!

TO MAJOR-GENERAL LORD KITCHENER, OF KHARTOUM.

"From thy gray scarp I view with scornful eyes,
Ignoble broils of freedom most unfree;
Fear nothing, mother, where the carrion lies
That unclean bird must be."
Mr. KIPLING's suppressed *Quebec* stanza.

I THOUGHT they made you baron, Sir Herbert, of Khartoum,
For where you came your very name denounced of England's doom;

A baronet or knight is light — it is a sort of lie —
To tell what kind of soldier keeps clear an Irish eye.

It deeply serves, to be polite, if you be dubbed or peer.
And — for that matter — you have friends, American and here,
Would hold you more than Sherman, than Wheeler more respect,
And would, to meet you, take the first Cunarder would connect.

Too sterling! they'd not flatter you — we at their mention twit,
And laughter goes around with them, they liven barroom wit;
But most Americans would say, Sir Herbert Kitchener —
Would say — they would say nothing . . They would be silenter.

I'm told they *have* ennobled you. — Lord Kitchener, of Khartoum,
You know of sweat, and what's a bet; you those, my lord, illume;
Nor you regret a baton, as Wolseley, Roberts wield;
You'd rather hold the watchful sword than sit and sway your field.

My lord, but you must make one think of Cuba, as Khartoum;
We had a by-play with the Spanish, valiant in their gloom;
But we are not Soudan — we are another man —
What do you think, if Irish eyes were hither brought to scan?

TO THE CAMBRIDGE MEN,

After the Football Game of 1898 Won from Yale.

Note. — The stanzas here impute or state a certain Harvard *lachesse.* The impugnment is unfortunate for me, as coming from a camp soldier and no footballer. I will, however, entertain any compliments.

The trouble with Harvard, in antagonism and always, is indecision in conjuncture. The dictate of force must be accepted at its access; for at such instants as it does occur, it is all, and judgment simply has no bearing. Ready in act as wit. When life is dice, don't think. — I have no position to criticise the Harvard play, and I have done so.

Once more the shining bough —
  The habit not to yield!
For is not, Harvard, now,
  Your viler season sealed?
The game, the world-work calls,
With Hollis in the halls [10]
  And Roosevelt from the field.

The soldier of state — his deeds
  Mark how a strength is right;
Your close converser leads
  Your feeling what is fight;
You have your fire, or glints,
But you ought, with these flints,
  To stand as *strong* as white.

When strain is hard and high,
  Nor wall of Yale will swerve,
Clear ye the clearer eye
  And string a sullen nerve; —

No Hollis then at heart,
And Roosevelt set apart,
Be *you* the men ye serve!

For *this* the rider sits
In capitolar sway;
To show good men and wits
To be the men they may.
So he who to you came,
Whom you should dread to shame,
Means, if he do not say.

Thus they illustrate — one —
And one inspirits — how
Heads may be o'er-fine spun,
And never were enow;
No lighter sneer at strife —
The going in — is life;
Nor dirt of it must cow.

Matching in strenuous sweat,
With friendly foes at war,
The battle look you get
From Eli's boot and oar.
For brave is fine and sweet,
Fit to kiss women's feet,
Or have of heavenly more.

Oh, guard the gains of grace, —
The letter, lore, and lyre!
But you must be their *base*,
Which only bears them higher.

Make Veritas, the truth,
You gentlemen and youth,
The power, as well as fire! *

CHIEF OF A!

Oh fervid Captain whom I never saw,
But needed not behold;
Oh fighter with the intellect for awe;
Oh sword ensouled.

Your withered hundred hear the last command;
There comes no lighter laugh;
They think with gloom, though gladly they disband,
How we are chaff.

Could they forget their one without compare —
The leader best and worst?
Oh bright to save, oh swift to overbear,
Who made them first! [18]

But blood, when worn, is sweet as is a rose
A woman has even thrilled.
Oh blameless breast, oh envied of repose,
Oh battle-killed.

* Referring to the game to which these lines revert, the hope was expressed, to an undergraduate, that Harvard would prevail again and win the '99 match with Yale. He answered: "We have almost the same team, — only one or two of the old men gone. What more do you want?"

Could any speech be more like Harvard? What is wanted is the game. Means may be thus or so; but the whole matter is the object — not them.

[The '99 game a tie, Yale shows up the better, as Harvard was on her own ground.]

In soaken soil, oh darkly left and laid,
Too dull to fight or feel;
Oh gleaming memory — unforgotten shade —
Oh quick O'Neill!

DUNNAGE.

I NEVER think that sadder things
  Were any man's at ease;
No friendship I had ever clings —
  I might at least have these.

My khaki and my merest shirt,
  My spurs and shading hat,
Though army-mine they only hurt
  My haply glancing at.

I might have found on San Juan Hill
  My silence or my sword;
My death, or duty lived through still —
  Thou only knowest, Lord!

I only know a soldier I
  Have never really been;
And meanly these things meet my eye,
  For *might* they have been mean.

The things must burn, save only one,
  'Twere half with tears to part:
My blouse I smoke in — when all's done,
  It held — shall hold my heart.

A soldier I have never been,
  Nor officer I may.
But, if you've lost your longing's scene,
  Work, man, some second way!

That is the fate of all but few;
  Our chains but do not *clank;*
But, life! how have I drunk to you
  The bitterest e'er I drank!

AMERICA TERRENIA[1] — ULTIMATE IMPERIALISM.

Because I do believe my land
Must in its own way expand,
As fate and fathers planned;

Because our federated form, —
Mart and mountain, coast and warm, —
Can stand to any storm,

While some diffuse colonial aim,
Rather than the closer frame,
Were weaker than this same;

Because, compact, we grew and grow
Awfuller to aught of foe,
On rock of right — Monroe;

Because we cannot roam with wars
To the rounding elder shores,
And justly at our doors

Still say, so Europe frown, but fear,
THIS IS FREE — YOUR HEMISPHERE
YOU HAVE — YOU COME NOT HERE:

Therefore, — I hope that, leaving far
Idle isles which turn or bar
Our steps on paths which *are*,

(So soon as safe and wrought to peace!
Fitted for their own release,
Or — gift — Japan's increase,)

We shall resume the place our birth
Signs; and lay that stream whose worth
Is our next strength on earth.

The sister of Súez is to be,
On the Western inter-sea,
Which none must hold but we.

Ethics were earlier than Monroe,
Honor was, and reason so;
Nor do these change and go.

For the Republic is the moat, —
For the castle of the vote
Defence and wealth afloat.

Beside — for which we ever longed —
Power, with Darien funnel-thronged,
To make our kind unwronged.

It is our station's first behest
That we ward each lesser West,
No comer shall molest.*

* On behalf of Great Britain, this clause was dropped into international law by Mr. Cecil, the Marquess of Salisbury, the head of the English Ministry at the date of President Cleveland's Venezuelan Message to the Congress.

At home, at hand but let us build
As is plain to be fulfilled;
Grow circumstanced, and skilled;

And like the states unite the seas —
Spread the pink to shake the breeze,
Samoas and Caribbees.

Shall be its flutter's shadow worn
Down the lands the liegeless born,
The coasts from cold to Horn.

These yet be young, increscive hours;
And to gird the earth with towers
Unconcentrates our powers.

It still were wise to keep renewed
Our old creed of longitude,
Till none may dream intrude.

Once fully here we rule the air,
Gathers to COLUMBIA'S chair
The all-terrestrial care,

When from this blue, unbuilded dome
She will wield the world at home,
Greater than Guelph and Rome.

NAMES AND TERMS.

[1]*America Terrenia.* Unconventional Latin for America of the world.

[2]*And a private is killed in town.* Several soldiers of the Tampa camps were killed by lightning — certainly three. One man was struck in Tampa as he was about to open a door, doubtless running for shelter.

ARMADILLO. The sounding the Spanish *ll* as *y* is almost invariable in this Doric. Thus — arma*deeyo*. Neither, in Nicaragua, is there a Castilian *d*, unless at words' ends.

BOCA COLORADO. Our mouth of a river is effluent, this of the Colorado receptive, where it delta's with the San Juan. The Colorado loops down and up again, in Costa Rica, southeasterly, then round and up north-easterly to the Caribbean. One doubts but it is naturally the main river, as deeper and not less broad than the arm continuing the San Juan's name to Greytown.

BONITA. Pretty one.

BRITO. This name of a *hacienda* becomes the engineers' synonym for the canal's Pacific mouth. See the subject, Lake-to-Brito Line.

CABALLERO (caba*yairo*). Hardly any more of the Spanish *b* than *d* in this run-down Latinette.

CANALÉRO (cana*lairo*). As who should say "canaller." It is everything to be a *canaléro* in Nicaragua; you need nor pass nor passport.

CANTEEN. *Cantina* (can*teena*). Bar-room.

[3]CARDENAS AND ZELAYA (*car*denas, zel*ya*). Dr. Cardenas was the President, with the capital at the aristocratic Granada; General don José Santos Zelaya is the President, seated in his palace at Managua. Dr. Cardenas, representing civilization, heads the *Conservadors;* General Zelaya handles the

Liberals in the interest of rapacity. The state of society is like that formerly of the Scotch highland clans; an American southern parallel to the famous feuds of those exists at this hour in the strifes of the three considerable cities of Managua, Granada, and Leon. In the very time (1898) when war was imminent with Costa Rica, Leon made a momentary stir of uprising, restive under Zelaya's Managua rule. The Nicaraguan Conservador, like the clansman who followed Roderick Dhu's bannered Clan-Alpine pine, wears the color of green for Cardenas and Granada, and Zelaya of Managua's adherents — the government — wear red — neither side pretending to display the flag of Nicaragua. Both the leaders are men of good family. The demagogue is a charming person; certainly a bold man; he has Nicaragua under the saddle and rides it with a good seat. Let me hazard that he is the force — Zelaya is — preventing consummation of the alliance of Nicaragua with two other states, as the "Greater Republic of Central America"; while he lends himself, astutely, to the keeping the idea in the air, in order to conserve friendship with the two neighbors. For he has his hands full. Cardenas, with his exiled Conservadors, lies in the inimical Costa Rica, with whose government they have a natural *entente*. Natural because the San José government is aristocratical like the Cardenas Revolution. More than this, it is the Costa Ricans' policy and ambition to get any foot of frontier on the canal, which their boundary for miles only narrowly fails to reach now. They entertain and aid the Nicaraguan Conservadors on the engagement of these to cede to them a canal frontage if the Revolution succeeds in reëstablishing the Granada régime. But if the canal is to disuse the San Juan River from Greytown to the mouth of the Colorado, and is to adopt this effluent instead, the Costa Ricans will have their *desiderium* without the Conservadors' assistance, the Colorado flowing through Costa Rica; and presumably this would give them the canal's Caribbean port as well. Still, these are only two of a number of route-variations considered.

CASCABEL (casca*bel*). Little-bell is a dainty name for the rattlesnake. Propitiative, like the Greeks' *Eumenides* for the Furies?

CASTILLO (cas*teeyo*). This squalid town, at the rapids of the

San Juan, has its name from the hateful black old fortress crowning the almost superincumbent height immediately behind — a structure fairly insulting to the regard. Lord Nelson, before ennobled, was here; a young officer in that frightfully unfortunate English expedition which took the fort from the Spanish, but was afterwards overwhelmed by them when the men were swimming in the river. The valor of their retreat, from their ancient enemy, on his own ground (then), their condition of destitution, dizzy fever and dying, are one of the showings of British gallantry under absolute reverse. The decimation was the tenth men left, or something like that. Only the horse of Private Miles Keog got away from the death-fight of Custer, as (was it?) only a single man from Thermopylae (if that), but the English in this expedition were almost as brave. *Query* — in what measure owing to the presence of Horatio Nelson? *Query* — did possibly the Spaniards show some indolent mercy in letting such men escape? The Greeks were the noblest among the three carnages; they were defending their Hellas; but we were surrounded by the savage with whom we keep mean faith, and the English were on conquest. Now, this is the essential difference between the United States and the United Kingdom, that the world shall come to us by a gravitation, an accretion; *coming* — not brought through blood and not bound. The all-Anglican union is Columbia holding the skein. That many Englishmen know it — like Goldwin Smith — is not so remarkable as that fewer Americans perceive it themselves. But the hour is not now. We have digestion to perform at home — before going abroad to lunch on a Philippines. The Philippines are to be reduced to the awe of the American flag, then cleaned up and disposed of. It has been saying that centralization is no longer a principle of the Republican Party, but whichever Party shall embrace it as its own will elect the Presidents. It took a Lincoln to keep whipped-in the part of a loose-bundle-of-sticks nation and press it through the Civil War. We see the same difficulty now: we see the motley of the treasonable and the faint engaged in an encouragement, of some effectuality, of the Filipinos in rebellion against us. If we have not — for foreign or outward policy — a *national* establishment so firm

as that an administration can freely ignore malcontent voices, then we shall never be fit to be imperial; we shall dilute our consistency, we shall disintegrate very certainly in a scatter of dominions. Local freedoms in the Union Americans will have; to extend the same rights to all external members when such possessions can wisely be received; but until our administrations be empowered with absolute headship of these, nationally, remote territories will be follies. We must converge into a centralized, compact government, as to the extraneous world, before we wear its crown; a government responsible to none and nothing but the next election. And any slightest protectorate of the Philippine archipelago would be as committal as their retention. To reduce them to the respect of our greatness, then to heal them and humanize — to do these things our honor is bound. After which, to turn them over — neither to the tactless abrasions of British rule nor (for a joke) to the fool of Prussia — but to the Mikado, would be to leave them to the hands of a brilliant, equally oriental race, partly Malay itself, pretty well our friend (if not quite trusty), who would know how to govern them. Meanwhile, we have our maturity to evolve, our solidity to consummate, and an enactment to make passing ultimate power to the President of any tremendous times. The republic's safeguard relies in the right of the House to impeach. All this is business at home. Governor Roosevelt misbecomes his forcible ability in his feeling — indeed it is greatly more his sentiment than his energy of mind — that wherever the flag is once floated, there it must stay. President McKinley has spoken, as Roosevelt should speak, within a statesman's bounds, and has said that wherever the American colors are *assailed* the knee shall bend under their shadow. Then the offender may go. He may come back to us of his own seeking when we are sublime.

[4] CHOCOLATE (choco*lah*tay). Interesting, if misrhymed. The "*comino la chocolate*," or its mud, looks like the residues of its siesta namesake, in the rainy season. Small blame attaches to the government for these bad roads. Macadam on Telford would not stand the torrent and bake, or at all events would be of mighty cost to keep repaired. There is one fair road between Rivas and San Juan del Sur.

COLORADO. Refer to Boca Colorado.

COMMISSION. Of the various American expeditions to Nicaragua, on canal surveys, this was the commission composed of Rear Admiral John G. Walker, U. S. N. (Retired), president; Major Peter C. Hains, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.; and Professor Lewis M. Haupt, C. E. Civil Engineer A. G. Menocal, U. S. N., accompanied not officially. From the fine former survey conducted by Mr. Menocal for the United States — and from his deriving from it the bold high-line conception for the construction — he is perhaps the first professional authority on the canal project; this if our own distinguished chief engineer, Mr. E. S. Wheeler, of Admiral Walker's expedition, may not now equal even Mr. Menocal's mastership of the stupendous problem. The work is something in the grand which must be wrought to perfection and play to the delicacy of a watch. Winds which heap the lake waters, thus sinking their surface left behind; variable evaporation; terminus harbors gathering sand-bar from the sea; deluge, and utter drought; solid stone, bottoming miles of the San Juan River — these are some of the complexity of difficulties confronting the Nicaraguan Canal engineer. Yet professional opinion has steadily accrued to the Nicaraguan location. This expedition of Walker's went down by the gunboat *Newport*, leaving New York on December 5th, 1897.

CORRALILLOS (corral*eeyos*). One Rio Grande camp.

[5] COSTA RICA. The state south of Nicaragua is a distinct sociological contrast. The country is orderly and busy; there are many resident foreigners; thrift and railroad are developing the wealth. The ladies of San José and that capital itself are much admired.

CUARTEL (quar*tel*). Barracks-and-guardhouse.

CUTTER. Bush-clearer; *machetero*.

DUNNAGE. The soldier's bundle. (A neologism ?)

EL PAVON (pah*vone*). A camp on the Rio Grande.

ESPINAL (espin*al*). First camp after leaving the river Lajas. Here is the little divide, the highest land between lake and Pacific, starting the watersheds either way.

FINCA (*finca*). The farmer's cot, distinguished from the house of the broad *hacienda*. It is made of upright poling, not close, so that sight and breeze pass through. Swine do so

by the doors. The roof is a very deep thatch, or, more prosperously, of crocks of the culvert shape.

6—*friends by the sea.* The U. S. S. *Alert*, cruiser, was coöperating with the Commission from the Pacific, doing hydrographic work at the Brito end about the shore and the Grande's mouth. The *Alert* was also playing peacemaker, commissioners of Nicaragua and Costa Rica meeting on board to compound against a war, this event threatening between the states.

7—*from M to here.* The reason the troop lettering, from A to M, does not denominate thirteen troops, instead of the normal regimental twelve in cavalry, is that there is no Troop J.

GARROBO (gar*rho*bo). Male to the *iguana*—*q.v.*

3 GENTE (*henty*). People generally. More particularly—folk, farmers, woodmen, camp-hands, soldiery. The word very frequent.

GERONIMO (hero*ni*mo). Popular musics (like his "After the Ball") only reach this agreeable performer in their very old age. His own wood-notes are antic—strange with break and redemption of measure—totally sad under pretty. N. B., half Spanish and Indian.

9 GRANADA. The city chiefly cosmopolitan and polite, and the most ancient.

GRANDE. The considerable Rio Grande meanders from the little divide westward to the ocean, the valley it leads one of the most valuable natural features of the western side.

GREAT DIVIDE. The mountains towards the river San Juan between Greytown and Lake Nicaragua. See Lake-to-Brito Line—the parenthesis.

GREYTOWN. Or the Nicaraguans' San Juan del Norte. It is not singular—such misnomer familiar in geography—that their San Juan del Sur, on the Pacific, is a trifle higher in latitude. What is notable, about Greytown, is that while within forty or fifty years it had a harbor naturally, now effectually it has none. The sands of the Caribbean have heaped a hopeless bar. Your steamer rides outside, and you go out to her by a shallow propeller. A canoe—a Mississippi stern-wheeler with risk—would pass over the bar into the once port of Greytown. This recent imposement of the ocean, this sand-bank threshold, a phenomenon as it is, turns

much engineering idea away from the proposal of breakwaters here, and to some alternative eastern terminus for the canal. The town is a considerably cheaper edition of Chelsea in Massachusetts, less vigorously vile than Vallejo in California. By the way, remember, to speak of the pest of the English, of which we must be rid — their (pseudo-their) Mosquito Coast — the capital is Blewfields correctly. The newspapers have turned it into Bluefields. Simply a literary memorandum — but even good atlases give it Bluefields now.

[10] HOLLIS. Professor Hollis is, conspicuously, the principal man on the spot getting the courageous force out of the university undergraduate material. After this game the undergraduates dragged him through the streets in a wagon.

IGUANA. Female great lizard. *Garrobo* (*q.v.*) must be a joking agnomen for her mate, and he regularly *iguano*.

JESÚS (hey*suce*). In camp were two of this name, more than one Cruz, and a Santos.

JUAN — harshly, *hwan*. From a rustic mouth, even *hwang*.

LA FÉ. This hamlet of the Faith, at hand from Greytown, has the system of expeditionary buildings, which have housed various parties. La Fé was headquarters and hospital.

LAGO (*lah*go). Always meaning Lake Nicaragua in the text.

LAJAS (*lah*hahs). Rio de las Lajas. For the character of this demented Flagstone River, see the note on the Lake-to-Brito Line.

LAKE. Lieutenant G. C. Hanus, in the soundings of his contingent navy party, found a continuous depth in Lake Nicaragua which had not been suspected. A very favorable thing, as the lake must afford more than a third of the completed waterway. There is, of course, Lake Managua, with Managua on it, the capital, but the larger sheet is the lake — the *lago* — in *canaléro* terms. Its name applied by the aboriginal race was Cocibolca.

[11] *Lake-to-Brito Line.* The survey prosecuted by Mr. J. W. G. Walker's party, from the south-west of the lake to the Pacific. This line westers using all the valley advantage of the river Lajas, the Limonel (watercourse), and the rivers Tola and Grande. The Lajas is a crazy stream: sometimes it flows into the lake and sometimes out of it; otherwise it has a bar, crossed dry-shod, where it adjoins the lake, and then inti-

mates with the water of this *under* the bar. Six miles westward (about) from the lake and this individualistic estuary comes the little divide; Mr. Walker's second camp was pitched there — at Espinal. (The great divide is east of the lake; where the mountains, although they diminish there, strike up the Trade winds so that these only alight again towards the lake's shore where the mouth of the Lajas is — surfing too the feet of the neighboring Madera and Ometepe.) From the little divide the Tola basin is dipped into — a concavity of which the eye from any of the surrounding heights can take in the whole, and see a magic of opaline color. By Tola and Rio Grande, and swamp of mangrove, you get to the Pacific Ocean, at the mouth of the Grande. This broad debouchment is promising, if Greytown is well-nigh desperate for the port on the east; though now it would no more than make a roadstead for pilot-boats or oyster pungies. It will require expanding commodiously for oceanic customers. Brito is the name of the locality, — a *hacienda's* name, — just as half the Nicaraguan geographical names are names simply of place.

LEON. Leon, if the largest city, has the reputation of retaining Spanish tradition inveterately; less liberalized than Granada or Managua.

[12] LIMON, PUERTO LIMON (poo*air*to lim*one*). The flourishing Caribbean port of Costa Rica.

LITTLE DIVIDE. See the note Lake-to-Brito Line.

MACHETE. "Curiously enough, the *machetes* are all made by one man, a Mr. Collins of Hartford, Connecticut [1]. . . The European makers send out *machetes* stamped Collins [2], but the natives can tell the genuine steel by glancing across the blade when turned up to the light, and they will take no other [3]." I noticed the first and third facts. The quotation is from *Notes on the Nicaragua Canal*, a pleasant book by Henry I. Sheldon, an antecedent visitor. The pronunciations are matche*t*ay, matche*tt*y, (carelessly) matche*t'*.

MADERA (mad*eyr*a). See Ometepe.

MANAGUA (man*ah'*wa). Hardly a trace of the *g* in the name of the capital is spoken. Managua may have 10,000 population.

[13] MATAGALPA. The Americans up in the northern hills, devoted to coffee planting and other interests, are numerous

enough to render the town describable as an American colony. "We go home and marry and our wives don't have to learn Spanish at Matagalpa." The Americans had to hang a murderer there. There are exceptions to what remains the rule that Americans living in Nicaragua are such as somebody or some law would like to catch in the United States.

MOMOTOMBO (*-tom*bo). A place on Lake Managua looking up towards the highlands.

MONTAUK. Camp Wikoff, on Montauk Point, was named after the ranking officer who fell in the war with Spain.

[14]—*most like Maryland.* "*Fatti maschii, parole femine.*" The Maryland motto — and the same of the state arms — is neither more nor less than the proprietary barons' Baltimore, or now the Calverts', who disuse the title. I think most Marylanders understand the Italian as The deeds of men with women's words; which is very characterizing of their generous state, but seems inaccurate translation.

[15] MOZO (*mozo*). A man of the station of toil *Gente* (*q.v.*) is he collectively, in the most frequent sense.

[16] NARRIMBA (nar*reem*ba). A xylophonic musical instrument — a frame of a bench's shape with wooden keys struck over the hollows of gourds.

NEWPORT. The yacht-like gunboat (though she sadly trims by the head), a barkentine, did some conjunctive commission work about Greytown, like the *Alert* on the other side

NICARAGUA — nicar*ah'*wa.

NICARAGUENSE (nicarah'*wen*sy). Adjective or person. And the plural accordingly — *Nicaraguenses*, nicarah'*wen*sies. Pronunciations with a playful effect, apt to the subjects.

[17]*No rag so royal* —. Our flag, almost hopeless to drape, is in the sky the gallantest. The British is the handsomest — and its body of field, and that field's being red, are fit to denote the solidity and sanguineness of its nation. The German standard, bearing some black, is impressive; there is a graceful majesty in the Italian standard of green. The gorgeous yellow and red of Spain is imagined as of the proudest flaunt, especially remembering it as dominioned.

OCHOA (*otchoa*). The section of the San Juan River in the Ochoa region was (still is ?) contemplated for the immense single dam, if such the canal's construction, to be risen to or descended from by locks to its east.

OMETEPE (ome*teppy*). Ométepec, the first Spaniards heard it called. This striking volcanic cone and the lesser Madera rise from the dual island of their base dimensions out of Lake N. in its south-west. Messrs. A. P Davis and C. W. Hayes ascended Ometepe in course of their work, a feat very infrequent, so much so that it is twaddled that the mountain was never climbed before. Although it has convulsed within fifty or eighty years it is judged to have thrown its last lava.

[18] O'NEILL.

Could they forget their one without compare—
The leader best and worst?
Oh bright to save, oh swift to overbear,
Who made them first!

Indeed, no one would compare such generous spirits as Captain William O. O'Neill and (of Troop L) Captain Allyn Capron. But when O'Neill commanded Troop A, as the senior regimental captain, and a man of his instant and vehement will, this troop was the troop of the prestige. At Montauk this was a tradition of A; an excellent, but much junior, officer then commanding, — Frantz.

PLANTAIN. Few *gente* will eat plantains like an American, and *vice versa;* they are their potato, our dessert. They have them at both the principal meals, cooked while the skin is green, when the substance is no better than a candle. Potato, admitted, is a tasteless thing and a habit; but when the plantain is ripe and yellow, and then cooked, it is sweet, — very good.

PUERTO LIMON. See Limon.

PUMA (*poo*ma). Josephine, the mountain-lion, has been called as hateful as handsome, but she was only passionately shy. Trying to discourage your approach, she would retreat to the end of her chain and roll on her back, and spit and spit away prettily under your ruthless admiration. Aside from this weakness she was a great, savage, playful kitten; — many a forgetful man jumped with a whoop, at night, feeling her slyly frolic paw on his heel from behind.

PURO (*pooro*). This is never made so large as an ordinary cigar, the tobacco is so strong. It is rolled, and sold mostly, by women. *Puro* varies from the Spanish *pura*.

QUE GENTE (kay *henty*).

QUETZAL (*quetz*al). Distinctively native, radiant bird.

[19] *Rabble Thinkings of a Good Officer.* The following lines are seen quoted from Lowell's *Dara*, a poem I have not read: —

> "The frank sun of natures clear and rare
> Breeds poisonous fogs in low and marish minds."

[20] RATIONS. One may trace signs that, before the Civil War, the influence of the South was almost prevailing, in the navy; whereas (after having given Farragut and Porter to the national rather than the state cause) the contribution of men from the South to the navy's tone is now no more than equal to that of the rest of its *personnel*. The pronunciation of this word, ration, by nearly all old officers seems to show the Southern stamp; they speak it as răt'ion, with that *a* which is short from New Orleans to Annapolis. No analogy, nor Worcester or Stormonth or Ogilvie permits such a pronunciation, just as nothing but some mild madness can permit the unaccountable mis-utterance of the simple word *inquiry* chiefly among Northern people. But this răt'ion pronunciation (countenanced by Webster, and found in the *Standard* and *Century*) is interesting for retention in the navy as so traditional. — The rations of the Tampa detachment of Colonel Roosevelt's regiment were such as soldiers must expect, especially in war; they were undelightful and serviceable. The worst was that the flies would have their share. Beautiful Montauk was different altogether. There the reassembled regiment had quantities of wholesomes and dainties sent to it.

REVOLUTION. An out political party in arms.

[21] RIVAS (*reevas*). It is a clean town, of some importance, on the western side. The lake-to-Brito party was in communication with it all the way to the Pacific. It is not on the lake, but two or three miles of tramway connect it with the shore settlement called San Jorge (*horr*hay).

SAN CARLOS. This is the olden fort of the name and the naked town congregated around it on the baked promontory. At the fort there are some pig-iron cannon of uncertain centuries and a Nordenfeldt or Gatling or two. Without any disrespect to Nicaraguan valor, the place could be taken by a corporal's guard of American marines or a German or English regiment. This sun-blasted San Carlos is at the head of the

San Juan River, where that draining stream derives itself from the lake.

[22] San Juan (hwan). The San Juan is to be understood as the river, as Lake Nicaragua is the lake. From Greytown up to the lake, at San Carlos, and across, is all but the completed ship waterway. Traveling the San Juan boat exchanges with boat once, at Castillo, where the rapids cannot be interpassed. The vessels are the familiar shallow stern-wheeler of rivers.

San Juan del Sur (hwan del soor). On the Pacific Ocean, near the Costa Rica boundary. See the note, Greytown (San Juan del Norte).

San Pablo. The Lajas camp.

[23] "Saxo-Norman" is recalled as one of the late Lord Tennyson's accuracies. When it is said that there is no such thing as an Anglo-Saxon it may be asked if there ever was one. But even the poet's serviceable phrase does not take account of the Celtic factor, of which surely the genius is throughout the Anglican civilizations. Witness that England is getting her light or slight literature from Scotland, while her captains have been Irishmen for a century, from Wellington to this Kitchener. Such Irishmen are somewhat Celtic, even when only from atmosphere.

Tambor Grande (*tam*bor *gran*day). Near a marsh land along the San Juan, not distant from Greytown; or the marsh itself. Probably the most malarious camping experienced.

[24] *The pennant let fly ten thousand shy.* Commodore's pennant, admiral's flag. The men of Commodore Schley's squadron of (Captain) Acting Rear-Admiral Sampson's fleet, called Commodore Schley "Ten Thousand Yards Shy," from the commodore's ordering that range on the Santiago blockade. Admiral Dewey under-ranked a flag — was a commodore — when he fought Manila. "Where," one heard the question, "are all the rear-admirals during this war?" One hears it answered: "It so happened that they had all just finished or were finishing their terms of sea duty when the hostilities began." Which explains the generally junior appointments to the high naval commands.

Toboba (to*b*oba). It is said that the *toboba*, like few snakes, will attack initiatively.

TOLA. Although a tributary of the Grande, it was running when the latter was pool and shallow only a little way back. These two rivers' banks are high, showing what their flood is in the rains.

TOLA BASIN. It is meditated to locate a western side dam at this hollow like the great Ochoa dam on the San Juan; maintaining the canal's surface at the level of the lake as far as this — then the steps of locks for intercommunicating with the Pacific Ocean. The river of the name does not flow through the Tola basin.

TRADE-WINDS. They are the north-east Trades.

[25] Uhle (*ooly*). The sap of the rubber tree, starting out nearly white, ambers and browns almost within a minute under the eye; but it darkens further very slowly through months. It is handled in slabs, commercially, worth perhaps their weight in the country's silver.

VERA CRUZ (*veyra cruce*).

WESTERN SIDE. The western or west side is distinctive. It is rather forest than rank jungle, with the most of torrid rain. It is not unhealthful, and is lovely.

ZELAYA (zel*y*a). See the note on Cardenas and Zelaya. And footnote, p. 38.

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